

Come As You Are

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Come As You Are

by [loglady1980](#)

Summary

“I want you, Dream,” George whispers as strong, calloused hands come up to cup his face, allowing them to share a gentle breath.

“That wasn’t so hard, now was it?” Dream murmurs, brushing his thumb across George’s parted lips. “What makes you think I don’t want you back? You think I was lying to you that day? You think I’d lie to you?”

“No, no, ‘course not, I just thought- the girl was-”

“You thought wrong,” Dream says in a hushed tone. “Why would I do that when I could just- just have you?”

Notes

don't smoke weed or drink alcohol if you are underage!!!!!! also practice safe sex!!!!

<3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The entire house seems to shake as George stalks across the floor, clouds of cherry-scented vapor twisting in the air as the baseline vibrates throughout the darkened living room. He's clearly out of his element, sticking out like a skinny, socially awkward, sore thumb amidst enormous frat boys throwing back vodka like it's water and herds of drunk girls awkwardly stumbling around. The house is in predictable disarray—football games brought half the student body flocking to frat row without fail, looking for free booze and drunken hookups, the post-game high causing all common sense to seemingly evaporate into thin air.

Why am I here?

“GEORGE!” a hoarse voice shouts through the hazy din.

That's why I'm here.

“Dream, hi,” he says, sidling up to where the blonde stands leaned up against the wall, casually tousled hair held back by a black headband. “What's this?” George questions, heart fluttering as he reaches up to tug at the headband, “decided to dress like Sapnap for the night?”

Dream laughs softly, tipping his cup back and taking a long sip before nudging George playfully, “I was wearing it during the game, idiot, just forgot to take it off. Did you come?”

“I walked past during that last field goal, so I saw you win,” George chuckles. “Sorry I missed it. I'm sure it went really well, judging by the fact that Sapnap's currently attempting to shotgun two beers at once.”

“I looked for you in the stands,” Dream murmurs, eyes darting across the room nervously.

“You looked for me?” George asks, head already spinning.

“Always do,” he says gently, “you're my good luck charm, Georgie.”

“Clearly not,” George huffs, trying to ignore his heart slamming against his ribs as Dream's lips curl into a grin. “You won without me.”

“Not by much.”

“Still won.”

“Shut up, will you?” Dream says, thrusting an overflowing cup into George's hands.

George laughs, hastily sipping at the jungle juice. “What the *fuck* is in this?” he sputters, scrunching his eyes closed.

“Secret recipe,” Dream deadpans, taking an exaggerated slurp. George sighs, rolling his eyes as they fall into comfortable silence, surveying the absolute madness unfolding before them. Music vibrates through his bones as Dream sings under his breath, gentle wisps of notes coiling around George's racing heart. No matter how many kickbacks and parties and casual smoke sessions he was goaded into joining, the feeling of closeness, the feeling of Dream's body a torturous inch away, the feeling of his low tone drifting through the haze never stopped sending George's mind into a frenzy. He never joined in, never let himself lose control in front of Dream, as the longing that overtook George's senses whenever his best friend was in the vicinity provided enough of a high to sustain him through even the rowdiest of post-game ragers.

After soaking the front of his shirt and the living room floor with ample amounts of beer, Sapnap

unceremoniously gives up, stumbling over and offering Dream a cheeky grin before clapping George on the back.

“Did you watch?” he asks, breathless and reeking of liquor.

“No, you fucking caveman,” George retorts, trying to stabilize his sloshing cup, “got caught up in lab, but I saw the end.”

“Holy shit, should have come, George. This man was an *animal*,” he declares loudly, gesturing to Dream, who had resorted to inconspicuously making eyes at a sorority girl from across the room, tapping a finger against his cup in time to the beat. George’s heart sinks as he tries to remain impassive, tries to remind himself of the infuriating truth—the truth that hits him like a train every time Dream stumbles into class the morning after a kickback, dark bruises littered across his neck, grinning like he’d seen God herself.

“Really?” George mutters, gulping down his drink at an alarming pace.

“God, it was insane, the passes this kid was throwing. Fucking- how many yards, Dream?”

“Seventy-three,” Dream says quietly, hiding a grin in his cup. George’s heart flutters.

“SEVENTY-THREE FUCKING YARDS! With three linebackers around him, ready to snap his neck. They literally *gave up* covering the receivers to triple-team him—it was *that* good. And- oh my god, the *running*. How many touchdowns did you- just- he just- he kept fuckin’ running!”

“Shut up, Sapnap,” Dream chides, taking another sip of his drink. “George doesn’t care about this shit.”

I do care.

He laughs softly at Sapnap’s tirade, trying to dispel fantasies of Dream wrenching off his helmet after a game, beautifully disheveled with sweaty hair and chapped lips, throwing his arms around George, capturing him in a searing- *stop, idiot. He’s your best friend*. He allows himself a glance back up, and Dream’s practically eye-fucking the girl at this point, licking his lips slowly as she giggles behind her hand.

“Sapnap,” George coughs, “can we go- um- smoke or something?”

Sapnap bursts into a fit of loud giggles before noticing George’s solemn expression. “Oh,” he says, “you weren’t kidding.”

“Why would I be kidding?” George asks sharply, a wave of irrational fury buzzing under his skin.

“Um, okay, let’s go outside,” Sapnap offers, grabbing George’s arm and tugging him towards the back door. “Dream, coming?” he yells, but the blonde was long gone, pushing his way through crowds of partygoers and depositing himself next to the girl, whispering in her ear with a dark, lustful look in his eyes. Longing creeps into George’s heart—the same wretched, misplaced, traitorous longing that had consumed him since the day Dream waltzed into his life, tanned skin and money-green eyes filling his heart to the brim. Every scorching glance that lingered a bit too long, every brush of hands as they walked into the dining hall, every joke that didn’t quite seem like a joke, whispered after hours as their intoxicated brains spilled out any and every passing thought—all the mindless gestures burrowed their way into George’s chest, building Dream a home amongst his aching heartstrings, tugged every which way by an eternally unaware football player that smiled like sunshine and laughed like a summer shower.

“George,” Dream had murmured sleepily, “George.”

“Yeah?”

“God, I want you. You know that?”

“What?”

“I- I want you so bad,” Dream said again, exhaling a cloud of smoke as shapes danced across George’s vision. “Want you so bad all the damn time. Want you when you- you fucking correct me in class. Want you when your nose goes all red while you’re watching my games. Hurts me when you don’t want me back.”

He had laughed dazedly. “Go to sleep, Dream, you’re high as fuck.”

George and Sapnap sit on a picnic table out back, away from the pounding music and drunken shrieks, away from the oppressive noise, away from Dream, back to reality. Scattered leaves dust the damp earth as the first signs of frost plague the grass nearest the curb. George exhales, icy breath creating a satisfying cloud as Sapnap lights up a joint, taking a long drag before passing it to George. He accepts it hesitantly, lightly sucking in before dissolving into a coughing fit, feeling his lungs spasm and burn.

Sapnap snickers softly, patting him on the back. “Weed isn’t for everyone, Georgie.”

“Fuck you,” George grumbles, coughing once more to alleviate his stinging throat. The night air begins to nip and bite, causing goosebumps to erupt on George’s arms as a car whizzes past the shimmering pavement, fallen leaves flying up in its trail.

“What’s wrong with you?” Sapnap asks, taking another drag. “Awfully quiet.”

“Just sleepy,” George replies, trying to keep his voice dispassionate. “Had a lot of- uh- work and shit.”

“Hmm,” he hums. “And Dream?”

“What about him?” George questions, stomach violently churning.

“C’mon. You’re at every game, running to him right when the whistle blows. You fuckin- you give him that big George hug and holler in his ear—and now- now- this is the third game you’ve missed. What’s up?”

“Nothing.”

“George.”

“I promise, nothing’s wrong!” he cries, regretting it as soon as he registers Sapnap’s face falling into a pained grimace. “Sorry. Didn’t mean to yell.”

Sapnap laughs, exhaling smoke into George’s face. “S’okay. Your version of yelling is like Dream’s normal volume.”

George scoffs, even though he knows it’s true. Dream spoke like the world was ending, clipped words and rushed sentences, hopelessly stumbling over his own excitement. It made George want to cry, or kiss him, or lay down and just die.

“Anyways, figure your shit out, please. I miss seeing you at games, all huddled up and miserable.”

“Shut up, Sap,” George groans, shoving him away.

Sapnap finishes the joint, leaning on George’s shoulder as they watch the stars. They head in when the cold becomes unbearable, dazedly stumbling across the lawn. George’s eyes betray him the second they enter the house—frantically scanning the darkened room for Dream and- *oh*.

Dream is *right there*, golden hair glistening as he sways to the music, with one arm around the girl’s waist and another around her neck, kissing her absolutely breathless. George stands completely still, rooted to the spot, watching those pink lips he’d fantasized about, late at night when gripping desire swept away rational thought, watching those hands that effortlessly caught footballs take on a more sensual task, stroking the girl’s spine with calculated grace as she leans further into him. The music swells, and George feels like the wind’s been knocked out of him, feels something crushing on his chest, feels a wave of inexplicable nausea wash over him.

George begins maneuvering his way to the front door, grabbing his coat from where he’d slung it over an armchair. As his fingertips meet the cool metal doorknob, George spares a backward glance, and something just *snaps*.

Dream’s eyes fly open, staring daggers as he continues to gently grind against the girl. George twists the doorknob with trembling hands, watching as Dream breaks the kiss in record time, stalking across the room to corner George against the door.

“Where d’you think you’re going?” he asks, panting slightly through reddened lips, slick with spit and that stupid girl’s stupid lipgloss.

“Um- I’m feeling sick,” George explains, training his eyes to the floor. “Going home. I- er- probably should lie down or something.”

“Walking?”

George nods.

“It’s freezing. Don’t walk.”

“Well, I can’t drive,” George retorts, anger bubbling in his stomach.

“Sleep upstairs then,” he offers, reaching a hand behind George to slam the door shut. “Sleep in my room.”

“I- no, it’s fine. I’ll just walk home. I’m good, really.”

“You’re sick. Go upstairs.”

“No.”

“George,” Dream growls, dropping his head. “Go upstairs. *Now*.”

George swallows harshly, rolling his eyes as he makes his way to the staircase, up to the room he’d spent so many drunken nights in, scream-laughing at whichever cartoon Dream insisted on watching in their state of frazzled intoxication. He walks sluggishly, preparing himself for the impending argument. Whenever George fell asleep on top of his textbooks at the library, or forgot to eat while tapping away at his coding projects, or even stifled a yawn during class, Dream was there, exasperatingly asking him questions only a mother would—*George, did you eat today? George, when was the last time you slept? You need eight hours of sleep, you know that right? George, did you drink enough water?*—and if that wasn’t indicative of his position in friend-zone

purgatory, George didn't know what was.

He twists the doorknob slowly, trying to stall as much as possible before the inevitable lecture, but Dream presses up against him, pushing the door open and maneuvering George inside. A vintage cassette player sits on his nightstand, and George vaguely makes out tinny notes of an electric guitar drifting through the speakers. The room looks like it always does—posters dog-earring off the walls and piles of clutter heaped upon the desk in true Dream fashion, soft lamplight bathing everything in a warm glow.

“Sit down,” Dream says quietly, shutting the door. “Are you sleeping enough, George?”

Here we go.

“Yeah, I'm good. Just—you know—feeling sick.”

“You have to take care of yourself,” he implores, taking a seat next to George on the duvet. “Do you have a fever?”

“No, I don't,” George groans, cursing himself for not fabricating a better story. “Honestly, I'm good. I'll just take a nap and go home or something.”

“George, c'mon.”

“Dream, it's- wait, can I ask- why do you have the music?”

“Oh,” Dream breathes, “it's- it's my pregame song.”

“Your pregame song is Come As You Are? Good god.”

“What?” Dream cries, laughing gently, “Nirvana not good enough for you?”

“No, no, it's fine,” George says, shaking his head with a grin. “It's just- it's kind of funny.”

“Fuck you, dude.”

“Okay, uh, go back to your- uh- activities. I'm going to sleep,” George sighs, standing to shrug his coat off.

“What activities?” Dream asks earnestly, looking up through golden eyelashes.

“I- you- you seemed like you were having fun, so I'll let you get back to that.”

“You don't think I want to hang out with you?” Dream mumbles, licking his lips.

“You were literally about to get laid, go back downstairs and- I don't know- get her!” George blurts, “You don't have to babysit me like this.”

“You know,” Dream hisses, “you don't really seem sick.”

Fuck.

“I- I am,” George rushes. “Very sick. Very tired.”

“Okay, why are you avoiding me?” Dream exclaims, grasping at George's arms and pulling him close. George gasps softly, feeling his skin hum like a livewire. “You- you never come to games anymore. You don't want to talk to me. I- did I do something wrong?”

“Dream, please,” George whispers, blood rushing to his head. “Don’t start this. You didn’t do anything.”

“Clearly I did,” Dream spits, “or you wouldn’t be asking me to go fuck a girl right now!”

“You seemed like you were having plenty of fun with her, and surely you don’t need me for that, so just fucking *go*, Dream!”

Dream flinches, shrinking into himself.

Too far.

“S-sorry,” George stutters as Dream releases his arms, chest heaving. “I didn’t-”

“So that’s what this is,” he says softly, “you- are you- do you-”

All the ages of yearning and pining crash down painfully. George prepares himself—for the rejection, for the inevitable fall from grace, for the years of friendship abruptly ended by one stupid night.

“No, you know what?” Dream hisses, “I want to hear you say it.”

George shakes his head, stumbling backward until he hits the wall.

“Say it, George,” Dream pleads, surging forward until they’re barely an inch apart. “*Please.*”

“You already know,” George chokes out, tears pricking at his eyes. “Are you trying to embarrass me?”

“You’re really stupid sometimes, you know that?” Dream chuckles darkly, pressing his lips to George’s ear. “Fucking say it. Tell me what you want.”

It clicks.

Come as you are, as you were, as I want you to be.

“I want you, Dream,” George whispers as strong, calloused hands come up to cup his face, allowing them to share a gentle breath.

“That wasn’t so hard, now was it?” Dream murmurs, brushing his thumb across George’s parted lips. “What makes you think I don’t want you back? You think I was lying to you that day? You think I’d lie to you?”

As a friend, as a friend, as a known enemy

“No, no, ‘course not, I just thought- the girl was-”

“You thought wrong,” Dream says in a hushed tone. “Why would I do that when I could just- just have you?”

Take your time, hurry up, choice is yours, don’t be late.

George licks his lips softly, tongue darting out to wet the pink skin, looking up to study the round, rosy cheeks, the soft dusting of freckles across Dream’s perpetually sunburnt nose, the green eyes that never ever seemed to dull.

“I’m-” he starts.

“Shh,” Dream shushes, “can I? *Can I have you?*”

“God, yes,” George relents, craning his neck upwards.

It’s more than just a kiss—Dream parts his lips to languidly suck at the warm redness and George just *melts*, knees buckling, falling into Dream just like he’d imagined. Dream holds him steady against the wall, shoving a leg between George’s thighs and nipping at his lips until they’re bruised and swollen, dripping with spit as a small pocket of blood blooms in the corner—Dream swipes his finger against the cut, smearing red onto George’s face.

“Sorry,” he breathes.

“Don’t apologize,” George whispers, tugging him closer, feeling the toned muscle tense under his touch.

“Did you-”

“I liked it,” George interrupts, cheeks flaming red. “You can- you can hurt me, if you want.”

“Hurt you?” Dream inquires, gently rolling his hips forward.

“I- you’re just,” George swallows, “you’re strong. You don’t have to be gentle.”

“I don’t have to, or you don’t want me to?”

A second passes, two. They share another breath.

“I don’t want you to.”

“Jump,” Dream commands, placing his hands on George’s waist.

“What?”

“*Jump.*”

George jumps, wrapping his legs around Dream as they attack each other all over again, this time with an aggressive ferocity that screams desire, the culmination of months and years of desperate pining and missed connections. Dream holds George steady against the wall, grinding their hips together bruisingly as he dives down to George’s neck, licking and sucking at the pale skin.

“Fuck,” George whimpers, tipping his head back.

“You like it?” Dream asks. George nods jerkily, eyes fluttering shut as Dream reaches under his shirt, scraping blunt nails against George’s spine.

“Look at me when I talk to you,” Dream rumbles, gripping his chin harshly.

George’s eyes fly open in shock as a wave of pleasure rolls throughout his body.

“I’ll try again. *Do you like it?*” he repeats, low and unyielding.

“Yes,” George whines wretchedly. “I love- I love- please, please more.”

Dream grins wickedly, letting George’s body fall onto him as he maneuvers them to the bed,

depositing George onto the mattress before starting the attack all over again. It's wonderfully torturous, the fervent rocking of their hips relieving not nearly enough tension as Dream bites and sucks his way down George's throat, kissing away the pain as he goes. George moans loudly, causing Dream's lips to tingle as he marks his boy as *finally, beautifully his*. After a moment, Dream leans back, watching George writhe under him.

"Tell me what you want," he commands, palming at the bulge in George's pants.

"Oh- ah- just- want you. Anything. Do anything," George pleads, grinding against Dream's hand. "No more teasing."

"You want me to go fast?" Dream chuckles, staring down with lust-blown pupils and a predatory grin.

"Fast," George breathes raggedly. "Fast."

"Let's go, then," he growls, fisting the thin material of George's t-shirt and ripping it down the middle, earning a surprised yelp from the boy under him. "I like fast," Dream breathes, throwing the tattered material aside as he begins kissing his way down George's thin chest, running his hands over lean muscle and mouthing at the protruding collarbones. Dream threads his hands into George's hair, yanking his face to the side and licking up the length of his throat, earning a long, drawn-out moan.

"Dream," George mumbles, "people will hear."

"Good," Dream says, tugging down George's jeans, "I want *everyone* to know who's making you come." He doesn't stop until George is completely naked, splayed out on the duvet like a fallen angel, all sharp lines and graceful movements. George whimpers, bringing his arms up to Dream's shirt and tugging at it like an impatient child.

"Take it off," he begs.

Dream smiles, tugging off his shirt as George's eyes go the size of saucers, taking in the rippling muscles and perfectly tanned skin.

"Shit," George whispers, "you're so big." He reaches out, running his fingers down Dream's torso with a look of absolute wonder. "You could break me."

"That's the plan," Dream sighs, slipping his pants and boxers off, letting his cock spring up against his stomach, wet at the tip and so fucking hard it looks painful. He eases down onto the mattress, and suddenly they're tangled up, grinding against each other agonizingly slow.

Dream spits in his hand and reaches down to gently stroke George's cock, sliding their lips together again.

"Dream," George gasps into his mouth. "*Dream.*"

"Yes, baby?"

"Can you- um- in-"

"Tell me," Dream coos, "don't be shy."

"Can you do that- but in- in my mouth?"

“Holy fuck,” Dream groans, reaching up to part George’s lips, “yeah, fuck, c’mere baby.”

He draws nearer, cupping George’s jaw, and spits softly, letting it fall into his open mouth. George swallows with a gentle moan, grinding harder against Dream’s hand. “Thank you, Dream,” he mumbles, “thank you thank you thank you.”

The thunderstorm of pleasure that hits him is so powerful, Dream thinks he’s died and gone to heaven.

“Baby,” he coos, running a finger across the tip of George’s cock, “you’re so hard for me.” Dream wipes off a bit of precome and brings it up to his lips. “Wanna taste you,” he whispers, sucking the finger into his mouth, then pushing it past George’s lips, feeling the soft wetness envelop him, welcome him, accept him.

“Fuck, Dream,” George whispers around his finger, “I- you’re gonna kill me.”

“Yeah?” Dream says, continuing to stroke George’s cock. “Tell me more, love.”

“*Fuck- oh- I- I* used to dream about this,” George moans gruffly, sliding his lips lazily against Dream’s as spit runs down his chin. “Used to finger myself, *god*, just thinking about you, so big, so fucking *big*. I’d come- I’d come sucking on my fingers, thinking about you filling me up.”

“Aww, baby,” Dream whispers, diving down to press a kiss against George’s cheek. “I’m gonna make sure you never have to finger yourself again, okay? Anytime you want, I’ll fill you up. Sounds good?”

“God- yes, *please*,” George groans, involuntarily bucking his hips. “Give it to me, give it to me now.”

“Oh, honey,” Dream murmurs, grabbing the lube off his nightstand, tipping it out onto trembling fingers. “You can’t demand like that. You gotta *beg*.”

George strains against Dream’s hold, hands flying up from where they gripped the sheets to grasp at Dream’s freckled shoulders. “Beg, baby,” Dream repeats, sliding his cock against George’s smooth thighs. “Not gonna ask again.”

“Dream,” George chokes out. “Dream please. *Please*, I’ll do anything, need you, need you now, need you to fill me up. Wanted this, wanted you for so fucking long, *please*,” he babbles, digging his nails into Dream’s skin.

“Well, since you asked so nicely,” Dream whispers, circling a finger around George’s entrance.

“Mm- please!” George sobs, thrashing against the sheets.

“Okay, honey, just look into my eyes, alright?” Dream says, pushing in until the second knuckle. George cries out, throwing his arms around Dream’s neck and pulling them together. Dream starts to move, slowly in and out as George arches his back, cock dripping with precome. He adds another finger, then another, until he’s fucking into George mercilessly, one hand inside him, the other around his neck. George lets out beautiful strangled little gasps, grinding himself down onto Dream’s fingers needily.

“Inside,” he whispers. “Get inside me. Now, Dream. Get inside,” George grabs Dream’s cock, stroking it a few times before pushing him towards his entrance. “Get inside,” George repeats softly, threading his hands through Dream’s hair.

“George-”

The words die on his tongue, because George pushes himself onto Dream’s cock, grinding and writhing and stretching himself to take it all in. Dream bottoms out, savoring the way their skin meets before starting to move, snapping his hips. George moans *loud*, noise bouncing off the walls and mixing with the faint music still coming out of Dream’s cassette player.

Come doused in mud, soaked in bleach, as I want you to be, as a trend, as a friend, as an old memory.

“Fuck, baby,” Dream moans, “you’re right where you belong, aren’t you? Right on my cock, letting me use you like a good toy.”

“Yes,” George breathes, “right where I belong, Dream, please- fuck- *please* go harder.”

“Only for you, my love,” Dream says, fucking into George like his life depends on it, watching as their bodies move in time with each other, accepting each other, loving each other.

“Dream,” George gasps after a moment, “flip me, wanna ride you.”

“God, you’re insane,” Dream mutters, flipping them so he’s leaning against the headboard with George sinking down onto his cock. The angle is fucking *sinful*. George lets out a long, rasping moan, then starts to bounce, grasping onto Dream’s broad shoulders for support. He throws his head back, whining and whimpering as Dream meets him in the middle, thrusting up until it’s the only sound that fills the room. Dream reaches his hand up to George’s neck, pushing down until the needy moans turn into short gasps. He leaves the other hand on George’s waist, guiding the smooth muscles up and down on his cock, groaning into George’s mouth as they chase their high.

“Gonna- gonna come, Dream,” George whimpers, still keeping their lips sliding together.

Dream’s hands fly to George’s cock, pumping with slick hands, up and down, until George releases with a shudder, painting their chests glistening white.

“Don’t- don’t pull out,” George moans. “Keep going.”

Dream *keeps going*, breathing raggedly as he pounds into George like he’s gone mad, whispering the dirtiest, most unrighteous things against his lips.

“Come inside me,” George mumbles, letting a drop of spit fall out of his mouth and onto Dream’s collarbone.

“Of course, love,” Dream whispers back, slamming George down one final time and letting himself go with a gasping moan.

“Stay,” George gasps. “Just stay for a minute.”

They press their warm foreheads together, heaving with exhaustion and sighing contentedly.

Dream pulls out hesitantly, watching as George shudders at the loss, a singular tear streaking down his cheek. He brushes it away softly, peppers George’s entire face with kisses, and cleans him up lovingly slow, savoring the way George’s muscles soften under his gentle touches.

“You okay?” Dream whispers, carding his hands through George’s hair.

“Me okay,” George mumbles back, eyes fluttering closed as his chest swells. “Love you.”

Dream's heart shakes. "Love you more," he admits.

The cassette loops, starting all over again, and George feels the baseline strike his soul as Dream pulls him close, pressing their heartbeats together, finally, *finally* beating as one.

Come as you are, as you were, as I want you to be, as a friend, as a friend, as a known enemy.

End Notes

hi.

song is come as you are by nirvana

don't yell at me if my football facts are wrong, i haven't watched a game in a while.

love from the loglady <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!